Every tick your motions give, One tick less have I to live. Did I realize this thought, With such solemn meaning fraught When some new-born joy drew night In the happy days gone by, And your slight hands all too slow Round about your face did go?

Ah those tardy hours have passed-Would they were not now so fast

Never stopping in your flight, Never pausing day nor night: Not a moment's rest you crave From the cradle to the grave. With a never ceasing motion, Steadfast as the tides of ocean; Seeming everyore to hurry, Yet without-a moment's flurry! Till our worn hearts almost pray That you would a moment stay.

All things rest-the cloud at noon And the leaves in nights of June, And the grief-bewildered brain When sleep falls like softest rain, And the stars when day awakes, And the day when Hesper shakes Gleams of gold from out the skies Into wondering lovers' eyes. You alone speed on your way, Never resting night nor cay.

Yet what joys these hands have be on this Golden days with rapture fraught, Golden days by sunlit fountain, Golden days on breezy mountain Days made more divine by love Than by radiance from above. Ah! those hands that to the sense Bring such joys and bear them hence, (ould we know what Time conceals Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mark That last hour when all grows dark, And shall still keep ticking on When earth's light from me is gone, Little watch, your face shall be still a memory sweet to me, Though diviner light may shine On these opened eyes of mine. For your hands that never ceass Bring at last the perfect peace.

THE ATTACK ON THE MILL An Incident of the Late Franco-Prussian War.

For twenty years father Merlier had been mayor of Rocreuse. When he married Madeleine Guillard, he had only his two arms, but Madeleine tought Francoise closer to him. "Come, chilhim the mill for a dowry.

His wife was now dead, and he lived alone with his daughter Francoise. Merlier was a fine looking old man, a tall, silent figure, who never laughed, but nevertheless he was gay at heart. He was chosen mayor because of his money and also because he married people in such handsome fashion.

Francoise Merlier was eighteen years old. She had black hair, black eyes, and fresh rosy color. Still she was not one of the beauties of the country. The quiet ways of her father had made her wise beyond her years. If she laughed it was for the pleasure of others. At heart she was serious.

Naturally from her position she was courted on every side. But when she made her choice all her little world won-

On the other side of the Moselle lived a great fellow named Dominique Penquer. He was not of Rocreuse. He | came from Belgium ten years before, as the heir of an uncle who owned a little ground on the edge of the forest of Gagny opposite Merlier's nill. He had gave the word. meant to sell his land and go back. Instead he remained, charmed by the country-he said. Then he raised vegetables hunted, fished, and lay on the grass and slept when other people worked.

The peasants could explain such an idle life only by the suspicion that he poached at night. The young girls sometimes undertook his defence because he was good to look upon, supple and tall as a poplar, with blond hair and beard, that shone like gold in the sun. Now one fine morning Francoise told her father that she loved Dominique and would marry nobody else.

Father Merlier looked as if he had received a stroke. He said nothing, according to his custom, but he was silent. for a week. Francoise was silent also. Then one evening, without saving anything, he brought Dominique to the house. Francoise too said nothing but made a place for him at the table, and her smile reappeared. The next morning Father Merlier went to see Dominique at his hut; the two men talked together. No one knew what they said. but after that father Merller treated Dominique as a son. All Rocreuse was assouned; the wo-

men chattered greatly over the folly of father Merlier. In the midst of all this Françoise; and Dominique looked at one another with smiling tenderness. Father Merlier had as yet said nothing of marraige, and both respected his silence. Finally, one day toward the middle of July he set three tables in the middle of the court and asked his friends to sup with him. Then when the guests stood with glass in hand father Merker, raising his voice, said: "It is with pleasure I announce to

you that Francoise is to marry that great fellow there, on the day of saint Louis." All laughed and drank merrily. Then

father Merlier raised his voice again, "Dominique, embrace your fiancee." Blushingly the two embraced one another, and the guests laughed still loud-

When the cask was finished and the guests gone, an old pensant spoke of against Prussia

"Bah," said father Merlier, with the egotism of a happy man, "Dominique is a foreigner, it doesn't concern him. If the Prussians come he will be here to defend his wife."

The idea that the Prussians might come seemed a good joke. If they did come, a well-directed stroke on their flank, and that would end it.

"I have already seen them. already seen them," muttered the old peasant in a thick, low voice. A moment's silence and they drank

again. Francoise and Dominique heard nothing. They sat behind the others, hand in hand, lost in the shadows that no eyes could pierce.

A month later, on the eve of Saint Louis, the Prussians had beaten the emperor, and were making forced marches toward Rocreuse. "They are at Tormiere"; "they are at

Novelles"; thus each day believing that each night they would fall upon the village and swallow it up.

The night before there had been an alarm: the women fell on their knees

Meanwhile Dominique remained lone in the mill, still firing, hearing nothing, comprehending nothing. only knew that he must defend Franand made the sign of the cross; then they saw the red trousers and opened their windows. It was a French dethe Prussians rushed in from behind. tachment, whose captain had remained He fired once more and they fell upon at the mill talking with father Merlier. im with his gur smoking in his hand. The captain went about the mill and Four men held him, an unknown lanstudied the country with his glass. Merlier went about, with him and seemed to give advice. Then the captain posted soldiers behind the walls and the trees, and camped the detachment in the court of the mill. When

Merlier came back they questioned good French: Was there to be a light? He "You will be shot in two hours." nodded his head slowly, without speak-Francoise and Dominique were then in the court and watched him. He sian forces, against peasants who is the county, says that the finished by taking out his pipe and might be found defending their fire- four-year old daughter of C. H. Wall,

The officer, a large man, fiffy years old, briefly questioned Dominique. raged to-day by a sixteen year-old negro named Blake Harris. Harris has been "Ah, my poor children, to morrow you were to have been married." "Do you belong here?"
"No, 1 am a Belgian." Dominique, with tight lips and angry forehead, stood with eyes fixed on the

forest of Gagny that he might see the "Why did you take up arms? This moment the Prussians arrived; Fran-coise, pale and serious, went and came, loes not concern you. "Dominique did not answer. Then giving the soldiers what they needed. The captain was delighted. "You

it until evening. They are late."

The miller remained grave.

the wheel. It may serve you.

coise with his eyes, and his manner showed that he thought her charming.

"You are not in the army, my boy?"

Françoise approached trembling, and

Dominique took her nands in his with

Then the sound of a firing broke the

The captain sprang to his feet, the

"Don't deceive yourself, they are pre

dren, hide in the cellar. The walls are

They did not heed him, but went into

soldiers were waiting behind the closed

driven in. The idea was to gain time.

The firing continued; an officer report-

"Two hours and a half; we must de

They shut the great doors of the court

The Prussians had not yet crossed the

Then the Prussians showed them-

The Prussians looked anxiously at

the poplars. The siege had begun.

like lace-work. They replaced it by a

hand, placed himself before her.

Dominique saw it. Then going to

gun from a dead soldier and fired.

The captain took out his watch.

An old sergeant ran in.

and said,

the brink. Still the captain waited.

"Five minutes more, they cannot get

order to retreat, and the men filed out

the little door into the street. Before

leaving the captain saluted the miller

"Amuse them; we will return."

eiling, he murmured:

errible firing.

mattress.

ed. The captain drew out his watch.

tain them four hours longer.'

mill prepared to tire.

Moselle.

paring to attack. Get inside.

thick," urged the miller.

Then turning toward Dominique,

Seeing this Dominique said:

ar away, he seemed to dream.

tinued and grew heavier.

silence.

vons terror.

the officer saw Francoise standing near: the mark of her wound showed a red bar across her pale forehead. He have a fortress," he said, "we can hold He looked at the young couple, first at one, then the other, and seemed to unhis mill burning like a torch. He did derstand.

not complain. That was useless. All "You do not deny having firing?" "I did all I could," said Dominique tranquilly.

"You ought to hide the boat behind This avowal was us-less; he was The captain was a tine looking fellack with powder, covered with sweat and a few drops of thed trickled low, forty years old. The sight of Francoise and Dominique pleased him. from his shoulder. "Very well," said the officer. He seemed to have forgotten the approaching struggle. He followed Fran-

ill be shot in two hours. Francoise did not weep. The clasped her hands and raised them with a gesture of mute despair. The officer noticed this. Two soldiers led Dominique "I am a toreigner," replied the young away. The girl fet on a chair and be gan to weep. The officer still watched her, then spoke,

The captain did not appear to accept "Is this your brother?" She shook this reason; he smiled, Francoise was her head. He was silent and serious, more agreeable company than a rifle. then spoke again. "flas he been her : long?" "I am a toreigner, but I can hit an

apple at five hundred yards. There is my gun behind you."
"It will be of use," replied the cap-"Yes. "Then he ought to be famialir with the neighboring woods."
"Yes, monsieur," she said, looking at im with surprise.

He added nothing, but 'urned on his eel and asked for the mayor of the a protective air. The captain smiled again, but said nothing. Seated there, village. Françoise took hope, and ran to flud his sword between his knees, his ey.3

her father. The miller, as soon as the firing had He ceased, went to look at his wheel. adored Francoise, he had a solid liking for Dominique, his future son-in-law, soldiers left their plates of soup, and in few seconds all were at their posts. but his wheel was dear to him,

As soon as he knew his two children From the forest of Gagny arese a slenwere safe, he thought of his other der thread of smoke. The firing congreat carcass of wood and studied its mountains on its western coast look as Francoise and Dominique clasped one another, screened by a high wall. Wounds with a bewildered air. Five though sprinkled with trick dust, and A little soldier behind an old boat, iir paddles were gone. The centre was the water is colored with red sea weed ing and hiding while he reloaded his perforated with bullets. He pushed and has red z sophyte and red coral. gun, interested them by his droll move- his finger in trough of the balls to ments, until they laughed. Then as he | measure their depth. He was wonderraised his head to fire again, he gave a | ing how he could ever repair this decry and rolled convulsively into a ditch. struction. Francoise found him me-It was the first death. Francoise shud- lancholy among the ruins.

"Father," said she, "they want you." She was still weeping, and related to him what had passed. Father Merlier dered and clung to Dominique in ner-"Don't stay here," said the captain. "You are under fire." An oak tree shook his head, "They do not shoot shivered overhead, but they did not people like that, I will go see." He remove when the firing ceased and they entered the mill with a silent, peace-

heard only the ripple of the Moselle. Father Merlier looked at the captain able air. with astonishment, "Have they finishobtain nothing by violence, but if left to him he would see that they got it. The officer was at first angry, but re-He had scargely finished when a showcovered himself before the few decisive words of the old man, and asked, er of leaves fell from the oak. They had fired too high. Dominique drew What are those woods yonder?'

"The woods of Sauval." "What is their extent." The miller looked at him steadily.

"I do not know." Then we went away. An hour after the great room of the mill; here a dozen shutters. The outposts had not been quarter of an hour, and she heared and prepared for determined resitance. their excited voices. Then he came out, gave an order in German, and a squad of twelve soldiers with guns ranged themselves in the court; she triumphed. They were free. Then the firing ceased. At high noon the mill seemed dead. Every shutter began to shiver; she thought she was

selves beyond the woods of Gagny. As was heard in a steady tone of refusal. set free, than when the Earl of Norththey grew bolder the soldiers in the Then the officer came out again, umberland was driven back at Branham banging the door.
"Very well, reflect. I will give you "No," said the captain, "le: them

till to-morrow." the old mill, silent, gloomy, with closed Francoise remained stupefied. shutters; then boldly advanced. As Father Merlier, who continued smoking his pipe, looked at the file of they crossed the meadow, the officer men curiously; then taking Francoise

tenderly by the arm, led her into her The air was filled with the rattle of shots. Francoise clapped her hands to "Be tranquil," said he, "try and sleep her ears. When the smoke had cleared To-morrow will be another day and away, Dominique saw two or three sol-

diers on their backs in the middle of we shall see.' Francoise did not sleep; she sat a the field. The others had hid behind long time on her bed listening to the For an hour bullets rattled against noise without. The German soldiers sang and laughed. But what conthe mill. From time to time the capcerned her most were the sounds in tain consulted his watch, and as a ball pierced the shutter and lodged in the in the room beneath where Dominique as confined. She laid down on "Four hours. We can never hold floor and put her air to the plank. She heared Dominique walk from wall to window; sometimes he sat down. Little by little the mill yielded to the Outside all sounds at last ceased, the

A shutter fell in the water, pierced troops were asleep. Francoise opened the window softy and leaned out. The night was serene. elf to see the blow given his old mill. of Sauval, flooded the field which the All was over. Never again would its shalows of the poplars barried with wheel turn. Dominique begged Fran- | black. But Francoise thought not of coise to hide, but she refused to leave the mysterious charm of the night. him; she was seated behind an old oak | She studied the country; looked to see cupboard that protected her. Then a where the sentinels were posted. One ball pierced it, and Dominique, gun in only was in front of the mill. She could distinguish him perfectly, a

"Attention," cried the captain sud- great fellow, immovable, with his face turned upward, and with the dreamy A dark mass appeared out of the air of a shepherd. When she had inspected the place wood. Then a formidable fire opened. carefully, she sat down again on her Another shutter dropped and the balls entered. Two soldiers fell, a third was bed. She sat there an hour absorbed in wounded; he said nothing, but fell over her thoughts. She listened again, not the edge of the table, with eyes fixed a breath disturbed the house. She reand stairing. In the face of the dead, turned to the window and looked out. of the sentinel; the field was as black

Francoise, dumb with horror, pushed The moon was down and the night back her chair mechanically, and sat | dark, she could no longer see the face down on the floor, near the wall. "Five hours," said the captain. "Let as ink. She listened a moment, then us hold on. They are going to cross climbed out of the window. An iron ladder, its bars fixed in the wall, ran At this moment Francoise cried out. from the wheel to the garret. A long A spent ball struck her on the forehead; time disused, it was overgrown with some drops of blood flowed. moss and ivy. Françoise bravely seized one of the

He did not stop, but loaded and fired, to descend; her skirts embarrassed her; inmindful of everything eise, except a stone broken loose fell with a splash when once he cast a glance at Francoise. into the Moselle below. She stopped As the captain had foreseen, the frozen with terror; then she reflected Prussians were crossing the river be- that the noise would cover her descent nind the poplars; one too bold feel she boldly pushed on, tearing away the pierced by a ball from Dominique's ivy with her feet to uncover the rungs. When she reached Dominique's window gun. The captain, who had watched him, was astonished, and compliment- a new danger awaited her. It was not ed the young man. But Dominique directly beneath her own; she put out the war the Emperor had declared heard nothing. A ball struck his shoul- her hand and felt-only a wall. Must der another bruised his arm, still he she then go back and renounce her project? Her arms were tired the sound of the Moselle be-low made her dizzy. She picked off a The position seemed no longer tenable. A last discharge shook the mill. bit of plaster and threw it at Demini-But the officer only repeated: "We must hold it another half-hour." haps he slept; she tore her tingers in Now he counted the minutes, but kept his amiable air, smiling at Fran-coise, to reassure her. Then he took a the end of her strength; she felt her-

self falling, when Dominique softly There were now but four soldiers left | raised the window. in the room. The Prussians were on "It is I." she murmured. "Take me quickly, I fall. He bent out, caught her, and lifted "They are going to take us from the her into the room. She began to cry, but stilled her tears lest some one might hear her. Then, by a supreme effort, she calmed herself

"You are guarded?" she asked in a At six o'clock precisely he gave the low voice. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

Wrecked. TYRONE, Pa., June 1.-Yesterday norning a special train on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad composed of Walter Main's circus cars got beyond control of the trainmen and came down the mountain with fearful rapidity. At Vail station the train was wrecked and coise. With each charge he killed a animals, men and broken cars piled up man. Suddenly there was a great noise; together. Several tigers and lions made their escape and only after the greatest exertion were they recaptured and then not until one of the tigers had a part of their religion to exceriate and killed several domestic animals in the belittle the place of their residence, and guage roared around him. Françoise neighborhood. Six men were killed there has been more damage, linancial lell on her knees before them in sup-outright and twelve or fourteen others and moral, done to our city by this hyplication. An officer entered and took | badly injured, some of them fatally. percriticism than can ever be estimated. him prisoner. After some words in The circus is a complete wreck and will The course of our city has been onward German with the soldiers be turned to Dominique and said roughly, in very good French:

The clicus is acomplete wifer and will take several days to get properly to gether. The wreck is one of the worst made up of hundreds of thousands of as Aud I have to tell you that has occurred on this division and the worst in the number of lives lost.

> tax receiver of that county, was outraged to-day by a sixteen year-old negro named Blake Harris. Harris has been committed to jail and Wall is willing that the law should take its course.
>
> resurrection:
>
> My thanks must be first to God and shall prosper." Don't throw away your tied. Just before the drop fell he should "Good-bye." Rapsay's neck as you sit there and I stand here, and was broken by the fall.
>
> The manner in which young mules were tied. Just before the drop fell he should "Good-bye." Rapsay's neck as you sit there and I stand here, and was broken by the fall.
>
> The manner in which young mules were tied. Just before the drop fell he should "Good-bye." Rapsay's neck as you sit there and I stand here, and was broken by the fall.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

TALMAGE CELEBRATES THE EX-

TINGUISHMENT OF THE DEBT.

of the greatest days in the history of Brooklyn Tabernacie. The music, ms rumental and congregational, was of the most joyous type-the byums, the, prayers and the sermon were celebraive of the entire extinguishment of the floating debt of \$1 io.000, accumulated from the disasters which required the building of three immense churches. Text, Exesius xv, 20, 21: "And Mirtam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel as her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and wish dances. And Miriam auswered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he bath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the

sea." Sermonizers are natually so busy in getting the Israelites safely through the parted Red sea and the Egyptians submerged in the returning waters that but little time is ordinarily given to what the Lord's people dilatter they got well up, high and dry, on the beach. That was the beach of the Red sea, which is at its greatest width 200 miles and as its least width 12 miles Why is the adjective "Red" used in describing this water? cherished one. Now he bent over the It is called the Red sea because the though sprinkled with trick dust, and This sea was cut by the keels

> ping. It was no insignificant pond or puddle on the bareh of which my text calls us to stand. I hear upon it the sound of a tambourine, was which the timbrel only another name. An instrument of music made out of a circular hoop, with pieces of metal fixed in the

Egyptian, Pinemeian and Arabic ship

sides of it, which made a jingling sound, The officer asked for food for the and over which hoop a piece of parchmen. Merlier told him that they would ment was distended, and this was beaten by the knuckles of the performer. The Isralites, standing on the beach of the Red sea, were making music on their deliverence from the pursuing Egyptians, and I hear the Israelitish men with their deep bass voices, and I bear the timbrel of Miriam, as she leads the women in their jubilee. Rather lively instrument, you say, for religious

service-the timbrel or tambourine. But they brought in the leves of food. I think God sanctioned it. And I rather Night came on. Francoise followed think we will have to put a little more of anxiously the movements of the the festive into our religious services and soldiers. Toward seven o'clock her drive out the dolorous and funereal, and sufferings were horrible. She saw the officer enter the room whers Domini- will resume its place in the sanctuary. que was confined. He stayed there a But that which occupied the attention of all the men and women of that Isralitish host was the celebration of their victory. They had crossed. They had

More wonderful was this victory and was closed, and not a sound came from dying. The execution was then to take defeat than when the hosts of Richard place. The soldiers remained ten over came the bosts of Saladnat Azotus, minutes. The voice of Dominique than when at Bannockburn Scotland was Moor, than when at the battle of Wake. field York was slain, than when at Bosworth Field Richard was left dead, than Marathon put the Persians to flight, for this victory of my text was gained without sword or catapult or spear. The weapon was a lifted and prostrated sea. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;

the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Brooklyn Tabernacle today feels much as Moses and Miriam did when they stood on the banks of the Red sea after their safe emergence from the waters. By the help of God and the generosity of our friends here and elsewhere, our \$140,000 of floating chuch debt is forever gone, and this house which, with the ground upon which it At each round Merlier exposed him- The moon, setting behind the woods stands, represents \$410,000, I this day reconsecrate to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. A stranger might ask how could this church got into debt to an amount that would build several large churches. My answer is, Waves of destruction, stout as any that ever rolled across the Red sea of

my text. Examine all the pages of church hisory, and all the pages of the world's ustory, and show me an organization, sacred or secular, that ever had to build three great structures, two of them destroyed by fire. Take any of your biggest life insurance companies, or your biggest storehouses, or your biggest banks, or your biggest newspaper estabishments and let them have to build hree times on the same foundation, and t would cost them a struggle, if not demolition. My text speaks of the Red sea once crossed, but one Red sea would not have so much overcome us. It was with us Red sca after Red sea. Three Red seas! Yet today, thanks be the window for the first time, he fired. bars, and swung herself over; she began to God, we stand on the shore, and with organ and cornet in absence of a timbrel we chant: "Sing ye unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his ride hath he thrown info

the sea." But why the great expense of this structure? My answer is, the immensity of it and the firmness of it. It cost over \$34,000 to dig the cellar, before one stone was laid, reaching as the foundation does from street to street, and then the building of the house was constructed in a way, we are told by experienced builders who had nothing to do with it, for durability of toundation que's window. He did not hear; per- and wall such as characterizes hardly any other building of this city. To the day of your death and mine, and for our children and grandchildren after us, it will stand here a house of God and a

gate of heaven. For me personally this is a time of gladness more than tongue or pen or ype can ever tell. For 24 years I had been building churches in Brooklyn and seeing them burn down, until I felt I could endure the strain no longer, and I had written my resignation as pastor and had appointed to read it two Sabbaths ago and close my work in Brooklyn torever. I felt that my chief work was yet to be done, but that I could not do it with the Alps on one shoulder and the Hymalayas on the other. But God

my work on earth is done. Why should I want to go away from the popular sentiment which defames our beloved city. Some people make it

that have come to my desk in The thrown into the sea Christian Heared office, you would

money," is the language of one noble Heald. "This is my dead son's gift to me, and I have been led to send it to you," writes a mother in Rhode Island. A blind octogenarian invalid in York, Pa., sends his mite and his prayer. Thanks to all the newspaper press Have you noticed how kind and sympathetic all the secular newspaper have been, and of course all the religious newspapers, with two or three nasty exsometimes gets things wrong. Yes, nothing! but which of us does not sometimes get tnings wrong. It you want to find a man who has never made a mistake, do not waste your time by looking in this pulpit. Thanks to the editors and reporters and publishers. Gentleman of the Brooklyn and New York printing press, if you never report anything else

I see you are getting it all down. As a church we from this day make new departure. We will preach more instructive sermons. We will offer more taitiful prayers. We will do better work in all departments. We will in the autumn resume our lay college. We will fill all the rooms of this magnificent pile with work for God and suffering humanity. More prayers have been offered for this church and on both sides the sea than for any church that has ever existed, and all those prayers will be answered. Clear the track for the Brooklyn Tabernacle! "Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously. the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

that I say, please to report that. Yes,

But do you not now really think that the Miriam of my text rejoiced too soon? Do you not think she ought to have waited till the Isrealitish host got clear over to Canaan before she strack her knuckles against the timbrel or tambourine? Miriam! You do well to have the tambourine ready, but wait a little before you play it. You are not yet through the journey from Egypt to the Promised Land. You will have to drink out of the bitter water of Marah. and many of your army will eat so heartily of the fallen quails that they will die of colic, and you will, at the foot of Sinal, be scared with thunder, and there will be fiery scrpents in the way and many battles to light, and last of all the muddy Jordan to cross. Miriam! I have no objections to the tambourine, but do not jingle its belis or thump its tightened parchment until you are all

Ah, my frlends, Miriam was right. If beach and before you leave it. It is awtrains of thanksgiving coming in so long after they are due. It is said, do not rejoice over a revival too soon, for the

new members might not hold out. Do not thank God for the money lose it all and more. Don't be too grateyou might fall from grace. Do not rejolce too soon over a church's deliverance, because there might be diasters yet to come. Oh, let us have no more adjourned gratitude! The time to thank God for a rescue from temptation is the moment you have broken the wine flask.

The time to thank God for your salvation is the moment after the first flash of pardon. The time to be grateful for the comfort of your berett soul is the first moment of Christ's appearance at | What a shaking of hands! the mausoleum af Lazarus. Tae time for Miriam's tambourine to sound its most jubilant note is the moment the of the parted inland ocean. Alas! that when God's mercies have such swift wings, our praises should have such

leaden feet. Notice that Miriam's song in my text had for its burden the overthrown cavalry. It was not so much the infatory or the men on foot over whose deleat she rejoiced with ringing timbrel, but over the men on horseback-the mounthath he thsown into the sea." There is something terrible in a cavalry charge. You see it is not like a soldier afoot, thrusting a bayonet or striking with a sword, using nothing but the strength of his own muscle and sinew, for the cavalryman adds to the strength of his own arm the awful plunge of a steed at full gallop. Tremendous arm of war is the

cavalry! Josephus says that in that hist that crossed the Red sea there were 50,000 battle with 5,000 cavalrymen and Alex- no one recognized the silent form. ander with 7,000. Marlborough depended on his cavalry for the triumph at Blenheim. It was not alone the snow that despoiled the French armies in retreat from Moscow, but the mounted Cossacks. Cavalrymen decided the battles of Leuthen and Leipsic and Winchester and Hanover Courthouse and Five Forks. Some of you have been in the relentless raids led on by Forrest or Chalmers or Morgan or Stuart of the Southern Side, or Pleasanton, or Wilson or Kilpatrick or Sheridan of the northern side. The army saddles are the thrones of battle. Hurricanes in stirrups

are the cavalrymen. No wonder that Miriam was chiefly grateful that the Egyptian cavalrymen, pursuing the Isrealites down to midway the Red sea, were unsaddled, unstirruped, unhorsed. Miriam struck the center of the tambourine with the full force of her right hand when she came to that bar of the music, "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Ah, my friends, it is the mounted troubles that we must fear. The little troubles we can endure The cinder in the eye, the splinter under the nail, the thorn in the foot, the social slight, the mean fling, the inviduous comparisons

or the rem irks that snub. The annoyances and vexations foot we can conquer, but alas for the mounted disasters, the bereavements the bankruptcies, the persecutions, the aphas interfered, and the way is clear, and palling sicknesses that charge upon us, I am here and expect to be here until as it were, with uplifted battleax or consuming thunder bolt of power. There are those among my hearers or Brooklyn? I have no sympathy with readers who have had a whole regiment of mounted disasters charging upon them But tear not. The smallest horsefly on the neck of pharaoh's war charger passing between the crystal palisades of the upheaved Red sea, was not more easily drowned by the falling waters than the 50,000 helmeted and plumed riders on the backs of the 50,000 neighing and ca-

And I have to tell you, oh. child of that has occurred on this division and good men and women as Inhabit the God, that the Lord, who is on your side murder of Robert Y. Harris, marshal God, that the Lord, who is on your side murder of Robert Y.

Thanks to the men, women and chil- I the tune you will yet play on it, whethdren who have helped and sometimes | er standing on Beach of Time or Beach helped with self sacrifices that I know of Eternity, will be the tune that Mirimust have won the applause of the am played when she cried, "Sing ye to heavens. If you coul! only read with the Locd, for he hath triumphed glorime a few of the thousands of letters ously, the horse and his rider hath he

I expect to have a good laugh with know how deep their sympathy, how large their sacrifice has been. "I have Luke sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, sold my broycle and now send you the Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." We shall not spend all sidering the unseasonable hour the numyoung man who wrote to The Christian eternity psa'm singing, but sometimes ber of people present at the depot was and ourselves we ask you to allow us the in review of the past, as Christ says, we wonderful. There were probably one shall laugh. There is nothing wrong in thousand to fifteen bundred of them, at laughter. It all depends on what you least half being ladies. laugh at and when you laugh, and how | The ve erans had the place of honor you laugh. Nothing it seems will more as they should have had. They were thoroughly kindle our heavenly hilarities drawn up in line along the main track after we have got inside the pearly gate and were under command of Col J. A. than to see how in this world we got Hoyt, president of the Sirvivor's Assoscared at things which ought not to have ciation of this county. Behind them frightened us at all. How often we work | were the two local militia companies ceptions? You say that newspapers ourselves up into a great stew about under command of Col J. C. Boyd, of

The Red sea before may be deep, and the Ezyptian cavalry behind us may be well mounted, but it we trust the I ord we will go through no more hurt by the water than when in bo hood we rolted our garments to the knee and barefoot crossed the meadow brook on the old homestead. The odds may seem to be ment among Greenville people at the all against you, but I guess it will be all light with you it you have God on your join the train. The train was aunounced side and all the angelic, cherubic, seraphic and archangelic kingdoms, "If number of people were at the depot at God be for you who can be against 12.30.

Inv hold of the Lord in prayer, and with c20 of missionary money in his saddle bags, and the highwaymen grabbed his horse by the bridle and told him to deliver, and he prayed God for safety and suddenly one of the robbers said: "Mr Cceil, I once heard you preach. Boys let the gentleman go,"

But let me criticise Miriam a little for the instrument of music she employed in the divine service on the sandy beach. Why not take some other instrument? The harp was a sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? The cymbal was a sacred instrument. Why did fond tribute to their departed chieftain. she not take that? The trumpet was a The mothers and daughters have come sacred instrument. Why did she not take that? Amid that great host there must have been musical instruments more used in religious service. No She took that which she liked the best and on which she could best express her gratulation over a nations rescue, first through the retreat of the waves of the Red sea, and then through the clapping of the hands of their destruction. So I withdraw my criticism of Miriam. Let every one take her or his best mode of which shrank from no sacrifice and divine worship and celebration. My idea of heaven is that it is a place where we can do as we please and have everything we want. Of course we will do nothing wrong and want nothing harm-

How much of the material and physical will finally make up the heavenly we never shouted victory till we got world I know not, but I think Gabriel clear through the struggles of this life, will have his trumpet, and David his we would never shout at all. Copy the harp, and Handel his organ, and Thalhabit of Miriam and Moses. The mo- berg his piano, and the great Norwement you get a victory celebrate :t. The | gian performer his violin, and | Miriam | vitation. Capt Mooney, in behalf of the time and place to hold a jubilee for the her timbrel, and as I cannot make safe crossing of the Red sea is on its music on any of them I think I will move around among all of them and ful, the delayed hosanas, the belated listen. But there are our friends of the halleluias, the postponed doxologies, the | Scotch Covenanter church, who do not like musical instruments at all in de vine worship, and they need not have them. I tell Duncan and McLeod and Brace

made today, for tomorrow you might We shall all do as we please in that of caudy tuft and verbena, French pinks radiant place if through the pardoning ful for your good health today, for to- and sanctfying grace of Christ we ever | ful product of taste and skill. It was the morrow you may get the grip. Do not get there. What a day it will be when work of Mrs J. E. Beattie and Mrs J. be too glad about your conversion, for we stand on the beach of heaven and P. Miller, who had been requested by look back on the Red sea of this world's sin and trouble and celebrate the fact that we have got through, and Guards placed upon the bier for that got over, and got up, our sins and our troubles attempting to follow gone clear down under the waves. Oh,

crimson floods, roll over them and drown them, and drown them forever. What a celebration it will be-our resurrected bodies standing on the beach, whose peddles are amethyst and emerald and agate and diamonds! talking over the old times! What a her. jubilee! What an opportunity to visit! In this world we have so little time for last Isrealite puts his foot on the sand that. I am looking forward to eternal socialities. To be with God and never sin against him. To be with Christ and for ever feel his love. To walk together in robes of white with those with whom on earth we walked together in black raiment of monrning. To arms. gather up the members of our scattered familes and embrace them with no em-

barrassment, though all heaven be looking on. A mine in Scotland caved in and ed troops! "The horse and his rider caught amid the rocks a young man who in a few days was to have been united in holy marriage. No one could get heart to tell his aflianced of the death of her beloved, but some one made her believe that he had changed his mind about the marriage and will fully disappeared. Fifty years passed on, when one day the miners, delving in the earth, suddenly came on the body of that young man, which had all those years been kept from the air'and looked just as it was the day of the calamity. Strong, manly, noble youth, he sat cavalrymen. Epaminondas rode lato there looking as on the day he died. But

After a while they called the oldest inhabitants to come and see if any one could recognized him. A woman, with bent form and her hair snowy white with years, came last, and looking upon the silent from that had been so completely preserved gave a bitter cry and fell into a long swoon. It was the one to whom half a century before she was to have been wedded, looking then just as when in the days of their youth their affections had commingled. But the emotion of her soul was too great for mortal endurance, and two days after those who 50 years before were to have joined hands in wedlock were at last married in the tomb, and side by side they wait for the resurrection. My friends, we shall come at last

upon those of our loved ones who long ago halted in the journey of life. They will be as fair and beautiful-yea, fairer and more beautiful than when we parted from them. I may be old age looking upon chil thood or youth Oh, my Lord, how we have missed them! Sepreted for 10 years or 20 years or 50 years, but together at the last, together at the last! Just think of it! Will it not be glorious? Miriam's song again appropriate, for death riding on the pale horse, with his four hoofs on all our hearts, shall have been forever discomforted.

I see them now-the glorified-as sembled for a celebration mightier and more jubilant than that on the banks of the Red sea, and from all lands and ages, on beach of light above beach of light, gallery above gallery, and thrones above thrones, in circling sweep of 10. 000 miles of surrounding and "pheaved splendor, while standing before them on "sea of glass mingled with fire," Micheal, the archangel, with swinging scepter, beats time for the multitudinous chorus, crying: "Sing! Sing! Sing! ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

On the Gallows. Augusta, Ga., May 26.—Henry Ramsay, colored, was hanged in Richmond County jail yard this morning for the COVERS HERSELF WITH GLORY.

Freenville Pays Homage to Hon, Jeffer-

GREENVILLE, S. C., May 30 .-- Greenville people had really good reason to be proud of the demonstration made this morning in behalf of the city on the arrival of the funeral train bearing the body of Mr. Davis to Richmond. Con-

Capt Smyth, and the Butlers, Capt Mooney. Behind the two lines were massed the general body of citizens. Governor Tillman sat in a carriage

most of the time talking quietly with triends. Adjt. Gen Farley was also presen . There was general disappointfailure of Gen Capers to come here to to arrive here at 1 o'clock and a large The train came in at 2.30 o'clock.

Just before its arrival the city belis beyou will go tree, as did Richard eeil gan to toll, and as it rolled slowly to the depot in the bright moonlight the lines of veterans and men in the crowd uncovered and stood with bare i heads | Or a Trip to the World's Fair Free and in silence, while the militiamen presented arms when the train stopped Mayor Ellyson, who was in charge of the train, appeared and was met by Col Hoyt who said:

"Greenville and its visitors, representing South Carolina on this occasion have come to pay homage to the illustrious dead. The veterans of the Southern Confederacy are here with a last to lay their offerings upon the bier of our great leader, and a younger generation testifies that the principles for which he contended yet live in the hearts of Southerners. All these join in saying that the people whose destinies were directed by him for four years of momentous history hold his services in loving grateful remembrance, and as his asher are being carried to their final resting place they would emulate his devotion, quailed before no peril; and even at this unpropitious hour of the night the aged veteran and the frail, delicate woman are here to honor the memory of Jefferson Davis, the beloved chieftain of the historic Southland."

Mayor Ellyson responded in a fe # very brief words of appreciation. Capt Mooney, Capt Smyth, Col Hoyt, Ex-Lieutenant Governor Mauldin and Lieut | stamps. Richardson, of the Butler (huards, went stamps, into Mayor Eilvson's car by special in-Ladies' Memorial Association, carried a magnificent final device, crossed swords, to be laid on the Ex-President's bier. It was made with a palme to wreath binding the blades, and was the work of Mrs. William Wilkius.

Capt Smyth, in behalf of the Surviv ors Association, presented a beautiful they need never hear in heaven a single banner, a reproduction of the Contederare battle flag in flowers. It was made dai:ies and teuerfew and was a wonder the survivors to prepare it. Sergt Dargan, of the Greenville

company a wreath of palmetto leaves, which were brought from the low country for this special purpose. Miss Sue Cleveland Harris sent in a

magnificent bouquet of magnolias, longleaf pine, laurel and orange blossoms An exquisite bunch of lilies, bound with a palmetto wreath, was the work of What a Mrs. H. B. Buist, and was sent in by

The car containing the remains was thrown open for a few minutes, and in that time several hundred people went through it, the band playing a dead march, the bells tolling in the listance and the bareheaded veterans and line of men in uniform standing at present

At the tap of the engine bell as the train moved slowly out the military fired three volleys in honor of the dead statesman and soldier.

CYCLONES CONTINUE Arkaneas and Mississippi Again in the Path of Destruction.

HOPE, Ark., June 1 .- Howard county was swept by a terrific storm of wind and rain vesterday afternoon, resulting death in loss of life and great destruction of property. County Assessor Stewart and two children are reported killed in a collapse of their house. Many bridges and trestles along the different ratiroads were wrecked. Several hundred feet of the Arkansas & Louisiana Railroad were washed away. Train service was abandoned. At Harrisburg the Cantly Lumber Company's property was swept away. Among the injured are David Roberts, facally; Jacob Suzede and wife, slightly. The loss to property is \$20,000. William Martin, iving twelve miles southwest of here had his farm house washed away. The entire country is wrecked from two to seven miles southwest. Rain and hail both fell heavily, and Judge Gibson's farm house, three miles south, was to tally wrecked. At Guernsey half a dozen houses were blewn down and many inmates seriously hurt. At New Leadville a destructive hail storm did

great damage to crops and residences and killed a large amount of stock. MEMPMIS. June 1 .- An Appeal-Ava lanche special from Rosedale, Miss., WOOD WORKING says: A cyclone struck this town at 4 BRICK AND TILE clock yesterday afternoon and the roar BARREEL STAVE of the wind crowned the cries of the wounded. The scene was awful in its randeur, and beggars description. The killed are as follows: W. L. Bowdre (colored minister) and wite. The list of wounded e ubraces the following: Mrs. Captain Miller. John Water, A. V. Foote, Lucias Vea', Lynn Robinson. The two last named are colored. Twenty houses were either wrecked or badly damaged. Among them were the Baptist and Methodist Churches and the city bank. Many cabins occupied by col-

ored people were blown down and tences were carried by the wind like s raws. MILAN, Tenu. June 1 .- A destructive wind and rain storm struck this section yesterday morning and continued throughout the day. The destrution to crops, buildings, etc., was enor-

Pinnes and Organs. Where to buy Pianos and Organs representing the world's greatest ma-kers. Steinway & Sons Pianos, Ma-thushek Pianos, Mason & Hamlin Pi anos, Steriin Pianos, Mason and Hamlin Organs, Sterling Organs. Lowest prices always. Easiest terms possible. made up of numereds of thousands of as good men and women as inhabit the earth, and I feel honored in being a citizen of Brooklyn and propose to stay here until I join the population in the Silent City out vonder, now all abloom look me in the face while I utter the good men and women as inhabit the complete outfit free. One price to murder of Robert Y. Harris, marshal all freight paid. Complete outfit free. Pive gars guarantee. One price to his crime and expressed regret that he orphaned Captain Harris's children. The doomed man displayed great nerve. Silent City out vonder, now all abloom look me in the face while I utter the While the officers were binding his feet motto. One price to all and that the with spring slowers—sweet types of word God commands me to speak to he remarked that it reminded him of lowest. We ship on fifteen days' trial you, "No weapon formed against you the manner in which young mules were to any depot and pay freight both

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